CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

AND WHY EVEN OF YOURSELVES JUDGE YE NOT WHAT IS RIGHT?—LUKE XII. 57.

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Miscellaneous Selections.

VALUE AND OBJECTS OF CONTROVERSY IN ADVANCING TRUTH AND PRACTICAL RELIGION.

(Continued from our last.)

The *second* topic of religious controversy includes what are usually called articles of faith. It looks not so much to demonstrable facts, as to reasonings from facts, and is less concerned in telling men what to do, than what to think. The theatre of controversy, to which this topic opens, is boundless. It has been traversed in every direction, but has never been compassed, and never will be, while the powers of mind are so various, and the force of evidence is so unequally felt; while the imagination is so fertile, and the lights and shadows of truth and error are so intimately blended in the objects of human thought and inquiry.

It can never be expected, that all men will have the same conceptions of the abstruse points of religion, any more than of things less difficult, of philosophy, science, arts, principles of taste, the causes of natural phenomena, and the designs of providence. Controversy has not been useless on the doctrinal parts of religion, although it has brought to light much less sound knowledge, than the friends of a practical faith could desire. Fancy has set no bounds to her excursions, but she has often delighted more in the desert wastes of ideal speculation, than in the fertile and productive regions of reality and plain sense. The technics of a school divinity, and the subtleties of an artificial logic, contrivances well devised for making darkness more dark, and dulness more dull, have too often spread mysteries around truth, and conducted the inquirer into a maze, from which no human sagacity could extricate him, and where no refuge was left but to submit to his fate.

It is happy, that these pompous trifles are nearly abandoned. Their influence remains, but it is fast disappearing. Reason is assuming its just controul, common sense is throwing off the fetters of delusion, and human nature itself is restless under the thraldom, which ignorance, and fanaticism, and folly, have imposed on it.—Theology and the sciences, a knowledge of God and of his works, have gone hand in hand; one has smoothed the way for the other, and the progress of each is a test of the gaining power of intellect over sense, reality over fiction, freedom over servitude, and piety over a visionary enthusiasm. The seventeen ponderous volumes of the seraphic doctor, Aquinas, with his learned reveries and mystical refinements, and the twelve folios of his great antagonist, Duns Scotus, now rest undisturbed by the side of the scarcely less weighty lumber of Lully and Paracelsus, filled with grave dissertations on the philosopher's stone, elixirs of life, horoscopes, and planetary correspondences. They are now equally forgotten, or remembered only as proofs of the degraded condition of the human mind in the times of which they were considered the ornament and the boast.

Credulity was the spring of a barbarous philosophy in science, and of an irrational faith in religion. Controversy revived a wakeful distrust; inquiry and truth followed. Articles were examined; imposture was detected; the Scriptures were honoured and brought into use; the understanding was consulted; a process was commenced, which has continued for three hundred years, and is still going on with increased effect. Much rubbish has been removed; much more remains; long creeds have been shortened; they are daily becoming shorter, and it is no vain hope, perhaps, that they may at some future period, be made to approximate to the measure and stature of the Scriptures. Free and friendly discussion will hasten the time. Even then christians will have different opinions. So let it be; there is no help for it, nor evil in it. Let them still discuss, and be friends and brethren; let them rejoice, that something is left to employ their powers, try their faith, exercise their charity, and give an ample scope to their best virtues.

As Unitarians differ from those, who call themselves orthodox, chiefly in points of doctrine, they have been compelled to engage much in this department of controversy. Charges of heresies, unbelief, denying the Saviour, and perverting the Scriptures, have been poured out upon them with a confidence and self-sufficiency, that bear few marks of the humility inculcated in the Gospel. They have defended themselves, as God has given them strength, against the prejudices of sectarism, the asperity of intolerance, the pretensions of the self-righteous, the subtleties of the ingenious, the arguments of the candid, and the sober and well informed. They have claimed the privilege of obeying conscience, and of relying on the Scriptures for the truth of their opinions. Yet the same charges continue to be reiterated. When the arguments of Unitarians cannot be confuted, the next step is to question their motives; when such opinions as they openly profess are found impregnable, it is charitably insinuated, that others are concealed, which they dare not publish; when reason proves a feeble or treacherous slip it is thought honourable to employ the pioneers of censure and reproach. Argument goes out supported by recrimination, and where one fails to produce conviction, the other may succeed to rivet a prejudice. But these are abuses of controversy, which must gradually disappear. The spirit of the times will not long tolerate them; liberty and reason will be heard, justice and truth will be respected.—*Sparks' Inquiry.*

FAMILIARITY WITH SCRIPTURE.

Paradoxical as it may seem, our very familiarity with scripture, and the frequency with which we read it, is one of the principal reasons, why we do not understand it any better. The Bible is put into our hands, as soon as we can read; it is used as a class book in our schools, (we cannot but think injudiciously,) and is read continually in families, at least in those that make any pretensions to religion. The consequence is, that we become familiar with the phraseology of scripture long before we have attained an age, when it is to be expected, that we should read any book understandingly. Our first knowledge of scripture, therefore, is merely a knowledge *by rote*—an acquaintance with the words without any apprehension of their meaning, or any regard to their meaning. Of course when the words recur to us, afterwards, they suggest no ideas, having never been associated with any in our minds.

I know, that when we are familiar with the language of any book, we are very apt to suppose, that we are equally familiar with its meaning; but this by no means necessarily follows.—On the contrary, our familiarity with the language and phraseology of a book often leads us to overlook its meaning. For when we read a book for the first time, the very circumstance, that the language is *not* familiar, compels us to pay an attention to the reading of it, which makes it impossible, that we should not keep up, in some degree at least, the train of thought. But when we have become familiar with the language, of the book, this attention is not necessary and is not paid. The language suggests itself mechanically, and the ideas are but little thought of. This is the way in which the Bible is too often read; so that I am persuaded, if we were not so familiar with its language, or, in other words, if the reading of it were not so easy to us, we should read it more understandingly, and to greater profit.

A little observation must convince every one, that men's real knowledge of scripture is not in proportion to their acquaintance with its phraseology. How often do we meet with persons, whose heads are full of texts of scripture, who are continually applying these texts,—applying them, too, commonly, with correctness, and sometimes with great appositeness, who yet do not consider the meaning of the texts they thus use, and much less the general scope of the passages in which they are thus found? They use these familiar texts, just as we hear men use familiar expressions in common conversation—expressions of courtesy and general regard—without considering their meaning, at the time, or even knowing what they mean, but only knowing that they mean *something*, and that they are expressions, which custom has made it proper to introduce on such and such occasions. I am confident, that those, who are the readiest to quote scripture, are not always the wisest to understand it. Their knowledge of scripture extends to the language of scripture, but no further and no deeper.

The preceding remarks lay open the true cause, why so many well-disposed christians regularly read their chapter in the bible, and can perhaps repeat it afterwards from memory, without, however, having a single idea pass through their minds during the whole process. It is all done by rote. And if the very same chapter were subsequently read to them by another person in a pointed and forcible manner, it would seem to them as altogether new; and if they were themselves to read it in another translation, though conveying precisely the same ideas, it would sound to them as another gospel. So much are men carried away by words.

Here, too, we find the reasons, why men who change their opinions from those in which they had been educated, commonly boast of having their eyes opened to understand the scriptures, thitherto a sealed book to them. The fact is simply this. In consequence of changing their opinions they are led to think, and discriminate, and search the scriptures with a view to support the opinions, which they have just adopted; and in reading the bible, therefore, they do make it a point to affix *some* meaning to what they read, right or wrong, which is more than they ever did before, and they, therefore, call it—having their eyes opened to understand the scriptures.

From what has been said, and from what might be said under this head, I am convinced that much of the vagueness and confusion in the minds of men respecting the real import of scripture is owing to the frequency with which they read it, and to their familiarity with its peculiar phraseology; and if it could be so, that a man should never see a bible until he was twenty years old, and then come to the reading of it without any notion of its contents, and, therefore, without any prepossessions, I do firmly believe, that from one careful perusal of it he would acquire a clearer and better understanding of the book, than is usually attained at that age, though the book may have been read, at least the most important parts of it, several times. Let me not, however, be understood to object against a frequent reading of the Scriptures, or against their being put very early into the hands of children. Many very important benefits result from this, I know, far more than sufficient to counterbalance any evils, that may grow out of it. But I do wish that Christians may be apprised of the danger there is, that their very familiarity with the language of scripture, may lead them to read it without any regard to its sense and meaning.

Christian Disciple.

SELF-PRESERVATION.

Skin for skin, yea all that a man hath will he give for his life.—Job, ii. 4.

Before the invention of money, trade used to be carried on by barter, that is by exchanging one commodity for another. The man, who had been hunting in the woods for wild beasts, would carry their skins to market, and exchange them with the armourer for so many bows and arrows. As these traffickers were liable to be robbed, they sometimes agreed to give a party of men a share for defending them, and skins were a very ancient tribute. With them they redeemed their own shares of property, and their lives. It is to one, or both of these custom that the text alludes as a proverb.

Imagine one of these primitive fairs. A multitude of people, from all parts of different tribes and languages, in a broad field, all overspread with various commodities to be exchanged. Imagine this fair to be held after a good hunting season, and a bad harvest. The skinners are numerous, and clothing cheap. Wheat, the *staff* of life, is scarce, and the whole fair dread a famine. How many skins this year will a man give for this necessary article, without which he and his family must inevitably die. Why, each would add to the heap, and put *skin upon skin, for all* the skins *that a man hath will he give for his life.* Imagine the wheat-growers, of which Job was one, carrying home the skins, which they had taken for wheat. Imagine the party engaged to protect them raising the tribute, and threatening if it were not paid to put them to death. What proportion of skins would these merchants give in this case of necessity? *Skin upon skin, all* the skins *that they have will they give for their lives.* The proverb then means, that we should save our lives at any price. Let us apply it to ourselves.

Life may be destroyed by *violence.* How many wretched people have fled for refuge to a river, a rope, or a razor! They are always objects of pity, for such a man must suffer a deal before he can work himself up to this cruel attack upon himself. We generally hope such a person was insane. This is a charitable error; but really in some cases we are forced to hope against hope. What would it have cost some of these unhappy creatures to have saved their lives. Nothing but a little courage to have told their sorrows to a friend, and to have taken advice. Nothing but a little patience to have borne the calamities of poverty, disappointment or fear. In such sad moments let us exert ourselves. All that a man can do, he should do to preserve his precious life.

The intemperance of the senses destroys life. Meat and drink of improper kinds, or in improper quantities are slow poisons, which effectually kill people of inordinate appetites. Intemperance heaps disease upon disease, and persecutes life through every pore, till life is a burden, and death the only relief. Study your feelings, they are your best physicians, and, remember, it is health that gives life its glee. To be well, what a luxury! To be in health, and alive in every fibre, what a cheap acquisition, when only moderation is the price.

Life is destroyed by *excessive passions.* The body is a nice machine, wisely adjusted for the purpose of even and constant use. When passion, like a madman in a mill, sets all the powers a going without a proper balance, the machine takes fire, and the fool himself is consumed. Anger fires, envy gnaws, discontent frets, pride strains, avarice dries up, every passion racks the body somewhere, and all together rend it into shivers, and toss it by in the grave. Whence comes this whirlwind of destruction? What are we angry about? Whom do we envy? What advantage are we proud of? What is it that we are hoarding up? What! Will I not agree to live in my cottage because the squire occupies the great house! Will I not taste my cabbage because my neighbour has a larger!

False religion will destroy life. When a man takes it in his head that the knowledge of some suitable points of the school, or that the practice of austere mortifications, is necessary to salvation, he hath embraced an errour, and when love to his fellow creatures makes him undertake our conversion, his errour is mixed with religion. Religion and falsehood thus united drive a man mad, and impel him to harbour base passions, to spend himself in unnatural and unnecessary exertions, and to plot and execute all for the glory of God and for the good of mankind. We have in history a multitude of martyrs. Perhaps some few have died martyrs to their own folly. What is necessary to preserve life from this specious attack? A little common sense and good temper. Recollect, I am not censuring any good man, be his errours what they may, except he holds them in a spirit of bitterness and persecution. No man shall ever persuade me that such a spirit is friendly to health and life.

Whatever such a religion may be to its owners, it holds the lives of others cheap: and it seems to me to be a remnant of that murderous part of religion,—persecution. God forbid, we should preserve ourselves by destroying others. Is it not possible for us all to live and be happy? Give me leave to read you a part of a letter, which a great and a good man in the north of Europe, more than two hundred years ago, wrote to that pious protestant persecutor, Theodore Beza, minister at Geneva.

"You contend, that Scripture is a perfect rule of faith and practice. But you are all divided about the sense of Scripture, and you have not settled who shall be judge. You say one thing. My teacher says another. You quote Scripture, he quotes Scripture. You reason, he reasons. You require me to believe you. I respect you; but why should I trust you rather than my own minister? You say, he is a heretic: but the catholics say you are both heretics. Shall I believe them? They quote histories and fathers: So do you. To whom do you address yourselves? Where is the judge? You say, the spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets: but you say, I am no prophet, and I say you are not one. Who is to judge? You have broken off your yoke, allow me to break mine. Having freed yourselves from the tyrrany of popish prelates, why do you turn ecclesiastical tyrants yourselves, and treat others with barbarity & cruelty for only doing what you set them an example to do? You say, your layhearers, the magistrates, and not you, ministers, are to be blamed, for it is they who banish and burn for heresy, and not you. I know you make this excuse: but, tell me, have not you instilled such principles into their ears, or have they done any thing more than practice the doctrine you taught them? Have you not told them how glorious it is to defend the faith? Have you not been the constant admirers and flatterers of such princes as have depopulated whole districts for heresy? Do you not daily teach, that they who appeal from your confessions to Scripture ought to be punished by the secular power? It is impossible for you to deny this. You have published books to justify the banishing of one old teacher, and the execution of another, and you seem to wish we would follow your example, and kill men for not believing as we do. When you talk of your Lutheran confession, and your Calvinistical creed, and your unanimity, and your fundamental truths, I keep thinking of the sixth commandment, *Thou shalt not kill.* Farewell, most learned and respected Beza. Take what I have said in good part, and continue your friendship for me."—*Robinson's Morning Exercises.*

BRIEF HINTS TO PARENTS.

Temper.—Great care is necessary not to injure the temper of children; which is easily done. The government of our own temper is essential. For, if we speak to a child in a fretful manner, we shall generally find, that his answer partakes of the like character. Our own irritability often excites a similar disposition in the little ones around us.

Blame is to be dispensed cautiously. For a child may be called naughty, troublesome, or unkind, till either his temper will be kept in continual irritation, or he will listen with perfect indifference.

In early childhood, much may be done by a system of prevention. A judicious parent may avert many an impending naughty fit by change of object, gentle amusement, and care to put no temptation in the way, if any of the little ones appear to be uncomfortable or irritable.

Children should not be unnecessarily thwarted when in pursuit of an object. A child, for example, before he can speak, is trotting after a ball; the nurse snatches him up in a moment, to be washed, and the poor child throws himself into a violent passion; whereas had she kindly assisted him in gaining his object, and then taken him up, this trial would have been spared, and his temper been uninjured. Teasing and derision tend very much to embitter the best temper.

Truth is ever most beautiful and evident in her native dress; and the arts that are used to convey her to our minds, are no argument that she is deficient, but so many testimonies of the corruption of our nature, where truth, of all things the plainest and sincerest, is to gain admittance to us in disguise, and court us in masquerade.

PATRICK HENRY, who was a very devout man, left in his will the following testimony in favour of the Christian Religion:

"I have now disposed of all my property to my family—there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the *Christian Religion.* If they had that, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; and if they have not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor."

There is nothing more absurd than to say the glorious things we do daily of the scriptures; and at the same time to make the study of them to men of sincere and honest minds so extremely hazardous and inconvenient. If then we would not be guilty of discouraging a study which we acknowledge to be the great duty of the clergy, as we are Christians; if we would be true to the fundamental principles of the Reformation, as Protestants, that the scriptures are the only rule of faith—let us use our best endeavonrs to remove the great obstacles that lie against the study of them; let us do what we can, that learned men may have full liberty to study the scriptures freely and impartially; good encouragement given them to go through the labour and difficulties of such a study, not slightly and superficially, but with such application and diligence as the nature of the thing requires; and have leave to speak their sense with all manner of safety; that their opinions may be examined fairly, and with temper; that their names be not unjustly loaded with calumny and slander; that their words and actions may be interpreted with the same candour, as is shown to those that differ from them; that, if what they advance be right, it may be received; if wrong, their errors may be refuted, as the mistakes of learned men on other subjects; if doubtful, and the Scriptures say so little; or speak so obscurely, that nothing can certainly be decided either way: that then nobody may be obliged to take either side as necessary: that, whether their notions be right or wrong, their persons may, in all events be safe, and their maintenance not affected by it; that, as long as they live virtuously, and write with all due modesty and good manners, and advance nothing that breaks in upon morality and government, they may be treated in all respects as those are, or ought to be, who employ themselves in any other part of useful learning.

Bishop Hare.

A mind capable of high exertion or delicate sentiment, will stoop with a certain consciousness of its descent, that will not allow it to wanton into absurdity, or sink into grossness. There is, in short, a difference, which sense and feeling will not easily forget, between the little and the mean, the simple and the rude, the playful and the foolish.

The deepest rivers have the plainest surface, and the purest waters are always clearest.—Crystal is not the less solid for being transparent; the value of a style rises like the value of precious stones. If it be dark and cloudy, it is in vain to polish it: it bears its worth in its native looks, and the same art which enhances its price, when it is clear, only debases it, if it be dull.

FRAGMENTS.

[*Selected for the* CHRISTIAN REGISTER.]

Points of absolute necesssity to be known are laid down with a clearness suitable to their importance. Every man of common capacity, by using the common means of instruction, may satisfy his mind about them. The scriptures, under the present light that we enjoy, are sufficient to make us "wise unto salvation;" and fully to answer the great purposes in giving them. — *Dr Conybear.*

The authority of the Church of Rome, or of any other church, of popes, councils, or synods, of fathers, or moderns, is nothing in the interpretation of scripture, any further than their expositions carry their own evidence along with them.

No man and no society of men has a right to bind our consciences, to forbid us any thing, that God in the gospel has allowed or enjoined us, or to enjoin any thing, which he has not there commanded or forbidden us. Nobody may prescribe laws to us, what we should believe or not, how we should apprehend the doctrines of religion and christianity, what we should do or leave undone, in order to please God and render ourselves worthy of the christian appellation.—*Zollikoffer.* —

"*It is good for me to draw near to God.*"

To "draw near to God," is an expression of awful and mysterious import; in explaining which, we have reason to be sober and modest, and to guard with care against every enthusiastic excess; remembering always that, rise as high as we can, an immeasurable and infinite distance must ever remain between us and the Supreme Being. There are two senses in which we may be said to "draw near," in such a degree as mortality admits, "to God:" either by the general course of a pious and virtuous life; or in solemn acts of immediate devotion.

By the practice of holiness and virtue throughout the general tenor of life, we may be said to "draw near to God;" for it is such an approach as we can make to the resemblance of his moral perfections.

It is visibly the honour and dignity of man to resemble his Creator; and surely his chief happiness will be ever found to lie where his highest dignity and honour are found. "With God is the fountain of life." With him reside complete beatitude and perfection; and from him are derived all the portions of happiness and comfort, which are any where to be found among the creatures he has made. In exact proportion, therefore, as they approach to or deviate from him, must the happiness or misery of all rational creatures be. As light and heat flow from the sun as their centre, so bliss and joy flow from the Deity. And as with our distance from that glorious luminary darkness and cold increase, so, according as by alienation of mind we are removed from God, ruin and misery increase in the same degree upon the

Christian Register.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1823.

Evangelical Missionary Society.

The Annual Meeting of this interesting and useful institution was held on Thursday at the vestry of the church in Chauncey place. After the choice of officers, the Secretary proceeded to read the Annual Report of the Executive Committee. We hope to be able to give this report, next week. It furnished a pleasing view of the operations of the Society, and gave satisfactory evidence of the judiciousness of its plan, and of its increasing usefulness. An able and interesting discourse was delivered in the church at 11 o'clock by the Rev. CONVERS FRANCIS, of Watertown. The attendance, though small, was greater than usual. At the close of the services a collection was made for the benefit of the funds, amounting to $133.80. The increased amount of the annual contribution affords evidence that the objects and character of the society are beginning to be better understood and appreciated. A few such friends as the gentleman, or lady, who on this occasion put an hundred dollar bill into the contribution box, might soon give the institution a strength and power, which would enable it to vie in good works with any of the charitable institutions of the day. We have the satisfaction to believe that the number of such friends to the Society is increasing, & that the activity and zeal of all its friends in promoting its interests, is beginning to be more and more awakened. We consider it an auspicious occurrence, that the Society has determined to alter the time of delivering the Annual Discourse, from the first Thursday in October to the evening of the last Wednesday in May, (Election day). By this arrangement, we think that the public generally will be much more likely to become acquainted with the existence and character of the Society, and to take an interest in promoting its benevolent objects.

The following is a list of the officers of the Society, for the present year:

HON. ISAAC PARKER, L. L. D. *President.*
Rev. AARON BANCROFT, D. D. *Vice President.*
ALDEN BRADFORD, ESQ. *Secretary.*
BENJAMIN GUILD, ESQ. *Treasurer.*
Rev. NATHANIEL THAYER, D. D. *Assist. Treas. for Worcester county.*
ICHABOD TUCKER, ESQ. *Do. for Essex.*
Mr DAVID REED, *Do. for Suffolk.*

Trustees.

Rev. John Foster, D. D.
" Nathaniel Thayer, D. D.
" John Pierce, D. D.
" Charles Lowell, D. D.
" James Kendall,
" Samuel Ripley,
" Francis Parkman,
" Henry Ware, jr.
Samuel Parkman, Esq.
Stephen Higginson, jr. Esq.
Ichabod Tucker, Esq.
Lewis Tappan, Esq.

Executive Committee.

Rev. Charles Lowell, D. D.
" Francis Parkman,
Stephen Higginson, jr. Esq.
Alden Bradford, Esq.
Benjamin Guild, Esq.

A new Unitarian church has lately been opened in Lewisburg, (Pa.) seven miles NW. of Northumberland. The first discourse was delivered on the 14th ult. by the Rev. James Kay, of Northumberland. The following statement, from a paper published in that neighhourhood, shows the broad and catholic principles on which the church has been established:

"It may be gratifying to the friends of religious liberty and free inquiry, to learn that this church has been built upon the most liberal principles; and it is intended to accommodate all those who acknowledge the divine mission of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Since writing the remarks in our last, on the subject of Professor Stuart's declining the honor conferred on him at Cambridge, we have heard it stated, that he declines all honours of the kind, from conscientious scruples:—"Be ye not called Rabbi," &c. We introduce the subject now not for the purpose of disscussing the question about his motives, but to rectify any injustice that may have been done him by our remarks of last week. Upon reflection we are sensible that events of this kind are not proper subjects of newspaper remark. Our remarks, last week, were penned in haste, under the first impressions of surprise, occasioned by the notice that Mr Stuart had declined the intended honour.

First Church in New England.

In the REGISTER of September 12, we gave a continuation of extracts from the Old Colony Memorial, on the subject of the first church in New England. It will be recollected that in that number was an account of the commission obtained by archbishop Laud and others for revoking the charters granted to the colonists, and for punishing them for non-conformity to such regulations as they might institute.

This arbitrary and destructive commission was finally overruled by the activity and exertions of Mr Edward Winslow, who was agent for the colonies at that time. Mr Winslow however suffered seventeen months' imprisonment through the influence of the archbishop, in consequence of his success in favour of the colonies.

The next particular subject of complaint made by the church was the disturbances occasioned by sectarians about the years 1650 aud 1660.

For a number of years they were destitute of a teaching elder, being supplied in this respect by their ruling elder, Mr Cushman:

"Thus (says Mr Morton) we remained as sheep without a shepherd, until at length it pleased the Lord to send among us Mr John Cotton, the son of Mr John Cotton, that famous gospel preacher, late teacher of the first church of Christ in Boston. The said Mr Cotton jr. was a man of strong parts and good abilities to preach the word of God, who, after some time spent among us was chosen our pastor, and has continued in that station among us for the space of 10 years and upwards at the writing hereof; from whom we have received many profitable truths and who ought to be the subject of our prayers, that the Lord would inspire him more and more with his holy spirit, so as he may be an instrument of his praise, that so by soundness of doctrine and sincerity of conversation, he may be enabled instrumentally to save his own soul and the souls of those that have or may hear him.

"Thus the Lord hath built this church and preserved it in gospel order and holy profession of his truth this threescore and twelve years, twelve years in Holland, and threescore years in New-England, and hath carried it through many dangers, sorrows, persecutions and oppositions, so as it remains altho' much inferior to its first beginning; yet a church of Jesus Christ; having many names in it who have not defiled their garments, who no doubt will walk with Christ in white, for they are worthy, Rev. iii. 4. yea, the Lord in former times hath made it an enlightenment and directory unto others both in this Colony and other Colonies in this land. Blessed be his holy name for the same.

And let it be noticed, that at the writing of this small history [Anno 1680] there are fourscore churches in gospel order in New-England maugre the malice of men and devils; so greatly is the honor of Jesus advanced by the multitude of his subjects in New-England; and we doubt not but there are many blessed saints in the land which are fit to be laid and placed in the Lord's building. The Lord add unto his churches from day to day such as shall be saved."

Mr Cotton was ordained in the year 1669.—He appears, by the accounts that are given of him, to have been very active and very successful in discharging the duties of his profession.

In the year 1794, a society was incorporated in England, at the instance of bishop Porteus, for the conversion of West India slaves. Its operations have been suspended since 1803. But of late it is said that large contributions have been made by persons in high rank for promoting its objects. We are not informed what method of proceeding is adopted for the conversion of the slaves, but we apprehend that if Calvinistic preaching be the only means, it will be altogether ineffectual. They must be taught the elements of human knowledge, before they can be much profited by the doctrines of Christianity, and more especially by Calvinistic mysteries. This intelligence respecting the efforts for the conversion of the slaves, is interesting chiefly on account of the hope it excites that it may lead to some systematic exertions for the general melioration of the condition of the slaves, and perhaps to the adoption of measures for the general abolition of slavery in the colonies.—Happy would it be for the reputation of our country if the men of high standing and influence among us, would follow the example set them in England, and endeavour to raise the black population of our country from their gross ignorance, as well as from their physical and moral degradation.

Bible in Egypt.

The Arabic translation of the New Testament finds many purchasers in Egypt. The missionaries, Messrs. Fisk, King, and Wolff have since their arrival in Egypt sold 556 copies of the bible and parts it, for upwards of 2000 piastres. The patriarch, bishops, priests, and private members of the Coptic church have expressed their approbation of the bible society, and are calling for its aid.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Christian Register.

Mr REED,—Most of your readers are probably aware of the fact, that several clergymen in the western part of the Commonwealth, have recently renounced the doctrine of the Trinity and have become avowed and decided Unitarians. It will not surprise them, therefore, to learn that the cry of heresy has been raised against them, and the most unwearied exertions made to withdraw from them the confidence and support of their parishoners, and to drive them from the ministry in the midst of their days and usefulness.

Such in fact has been the treatment which they have received from their ministerial brethren and others, with whom they once lived in harmony, aud with whom they had long been intimately associated. Men whom they once regarded as friends, have turned to be their bitterest enemies. Neighbouring clergymen have taken the most unwarrantable liberties by coming into their parishes and laboring to foment strife and division among their people. Nor is it surprising, when we consider the means employed, that in some instances, they have partially succeeded. It would be too much to expect, in these days of division, that a clergyman, however well he may stand in the affections of his people, will be able, in case he should materially change his religious sentiments, to carry all his people along with him. All will not be able to appreciate his motives. All cannot be induced to examine the subject with candour and attention, or they do not feel the weight of those arguments which have convinced him; and there will always be some who are glad to seize on any opportunity, that offers, to quarrel with their minister.

Such in fact has been the recent experience of those clergymen to whom I allude. All, I believe, in a greater or less degree, have been made to feel the pains of orthodox censure, exclusion and denunciation. They have been expelled from the ministerial association to which they had belonged—the pulpits of their former brethren and friends have been shut against them—and they have been held up to view as grossly heretical—teachers of false doctrine—with whom it is dangerous to associate—and whose ministry all ought to forsake.—By these heresies, unhappy divisions have been created in parishes once peaceful and united. The means of adequate support have been in in some instances withdrawn; and in one instance, as I have recently been informed,* a dissolution of the ministerial connection was rendered necessary and has taken place.

It requires but a very slight accquaintance with the principles of the human mind, to be able to predict that such high-handed measures must produce a reaction fatal to the cause of orthodoxy and friendly to the interests of liberal and rational Christianity. Such a reaction has indeed already commenced, and is every day becoming more powerful. Intolerance and persecution, in whatever shape they may appear, are fast becoming odious; and their authors and abettors must expect that for the evils which they have inflicted or attempted to inflict on others, they shall receive a righteous retribution. They may exclude from their fellowship those who have dared to examine and think for themselves, and who have had the honesty to renounce popular errors; but they will not thereby arrest nor much retard the progress of truth. A sentence of excommunication, even though it should come from a somewhat higher source than an association of ministers, at the present day carries with it no terror, and will be likely to be viewed as the offspring of a misguided zeal, or of weak and harmless malice.

In no part of the Commonwealth, probably, have the Orthodox taken higher ground, and displayed a worse spirit, than in the old county of Hampshire; and what has been the result? Some fifteen years ago there was not one Unitarian clergyman to be found in the county:—Now there is an Association of Unitarian ministers, consisting of eight or ten members. Unitarian publications are taken in every part of the county, and are read with great interest. A spirit of inquiry is awakened, which promises the most favourable result. The moment you can persuade men to read and judge for themselves, you sap the foundations of error and you may confidently expect that the superstructure will soon fall to ruins. The dark and repulsive doctrines of Calvinism need only be examined by the light of reason and revelation, and they will soon come to be regarded with aversion and rejected with horror. A milder and a fairer system must be substituted in their place; nor can we doubt that the very means which are used to propagate error, will be so overruled by Divine Providence, as to advance and establish the truth.

LUCAS.

* The instance alluded to is that of the Rev. Joseph Field, of Charlemont.

The following anecdote, so strikingly illustrative of the good sense and modesty of the venerable person of whom it is related, was received from a source which satisfies us of its authenticity.

For the Christian Register.

ANECDOTE OF DR LATHROP.

The late Dr Lathrop, of West Springfield, being one day visited by a stranger more remarkable for his impudence than his good manners, after the usual salutations had passed, was abruptly interrogated, Whether he had any religion? "None *to speak of*," the Doctor replied, thereby conveying a just and severe rebuke of that religious vanity, which prompts men to proclaim their goodness from the house-top.

LITERARY NOTICES, ETC.

Messrs. Flagg & Gould, of Andover, have issued proposals for publishing a *Greek and English Lexicon of the New Testament*, translated from the Latin and German work of Wahl, published at Leipsic in 1822, by Mr Edward Robinson, Assistant Instructor in the department of Sacred Literature, in the Theological Seminary at Andover.

A work is about to be published in Savannah Geo. to be entitled the "Remains of Henry Dennison." Mr Dennison was a native of Brattleboro, Vt. The work is to comprise a part of his correspondence and his poetical effusions.

CONNECTICUT NEWSPAPERS. The Connecticut Journal furnishes a complete list of the newspapers now published in that State. The number is 18—about one for every 15,000 inhabitants. The average number of subscribers to each paper is supposed to be less than 1000. In addition to the newspapers, there are in the state 10 literary and religious periodical publications. There was but 1 newspaper published in Connecticut in 1755, and only 4 in 1775.

The Poultney Vt. Gazette says that no state in the Union can boast of a population where newspapers are more extensively read than in Vermont. A paper published at St Albans has 1600 "productive subscribers," and the Poultney Gazette, which has been established but a few months, has 1630. Very few newspaper establishments in Massachusetts, except those in Boston have 1600 subscribers.

The SURRY INSTITUTION, a highly respectable literary establishment of the metropolis, (London) has been dissolved. The library, which was rich in works of oriental literature, collected chiefly under the eye of Dr Adam Clark, has been sold for £2775. A new establishment has been formed, entitled "The Metropolitan Institution."

GARRICK'S LIBRARY.—The recent sale of Garrick's library, which lasted during ten days, has afforded another extravagant specimen of bibliomaniac competition. A small quarto volume containing several pamphlets, such as "Breton's Olde Man's Lesson, and Young Man's Love," sold for 40 guineas. Another containing such valuable matter as Drayton's "Pæan Triumphall of the Society of Goldsmiths," &c. fetched the same price. Lupton's Sinquilla, and some rare Masques, were knocked down for £53! The "Voyage of the Wandering Knight," and some of Dekkar and Jordan's Masques fetched £48. An imperfect *Editio princeps* copy of Shakespeare sold for £34.

The Rev. R. Warner, Rector of Great Chalfield, Wilts, is about to publish the first part of Illustrations, Historical, Biographical, and Miscellaneous of the Novels by the Author of "Waverly," with criticisms, general, and particular, in three parts.

The Rev. G. Wilkins, author of the "History of the Destruction of Jerusalem," &c. will shortly publish an Antidote to the Poison of Scepticism.

ANTIQUITIES. A few days ago, some splendid remains of antiquity were discovered in a field on the estate of William Greenwood, Esq. of Brookwood Park, in Hampshire. About two feet below the surface of the earth, tesselated pavements of the most beautiful Mosaic patterns, have been cleared, the colours still retaining all their original vividness. A tradition exists in the neighborhood, that the palace of King Alfred had stood on the site of this field, which tradition has from time to time been confirmed by various ancient relics picked up near this spot. The pavements and part of the walls of six apartments have been cleared; the workmen have already broken into more than one vault, and are continually making more extensive discoveries. A few coins, bones, &c. have been found in one of the vaults. *London paper.*

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

The sum of $140 was collected at the 23d Anniversary of the Boston Female Asylum, on Friday afternoon last.

INLAND NAVIGATION.—Since our last, (says the Troy Register) we have had the pleasure of seeing lying at our wharves a number of canal boats, principally from Vermont, all discharging lumber, iron, and other property, and taking in freight for the north, which has produced an unusual degree of bustle and activity along the docks.

The towns in the interior of Pennsylvania are represented to be unusually sickly, and in noticing the deaths in the vicinity of Carlisle, the Volunteer printed in that place, remarks, that the fashionable custom of adorning with black, has made funeral costume a tax to many of the citizens, and adds that the demand in a neighbouring town was so great, that several merchants had been induced to send to Philadelphia for a new supply of the eagerly sought for, but unnecessary article. *Penn. pap.*

INUNDATION OF LOWER GEORGIA.—The lower part of the state of Georgia has recently been inundated. Almost all of the bridges have been swept away, and in some of the farm yards, alligators were swimming after the poultry. The crops of cotton and rice in that section, have been mostly destroyed.

MUTINY.—The Salem Gazette of Sept. 26, contains a long account of the dreadful mutiny which occurred on board the schooner Tatler, Capt. GARLAND, of that port, on the evening of the 17th inst. after she left Chesapeake Bay. The most material particulars are, that the Captain being below, and hearing a cry for help, ran up, undressed, and found the mate, Mr Babcock, [of Gloucester,] lying on the deck, with his throat cut, the deed having been perpetrated by one Smith; who on seeing Capt G, attacked and gave him several severe wounds, before the Captain succeeded in wresting the knife from him, and throwing it overboard. Smith then went forward and called two men, named Farnsworth and Haskell, and Capt. G. procured a musket loaded with shot. On seeing the Captain, Smith attacked him with the camboose cover, when the Captain fired, and he thinks wounded Smith—He however clenched the Captain, and in the scuffle the latter succeeded in throwing him overboard although it was said that Smith was three times his strength. When in the water, Smith begged the Captain's pardon, and asked to be taken on board, but the vessel going nine knots, the murderer sunk.—Captain G. immediately fainted, and fell, and laid on the deck in his shirt until boarded by the pilots at nine the next morning, and then had his wounds staunched with ashes. The mate died immediately of his wounds, and was committed to the deep by the pilots. The schooner afterwards arrived at Philadelphia, when the two men, who gave Capt. G. no assistance in the fray, were committed, as accomplices.—Capt. G. is convalescent.

SPAIN.—In commenting upon the advantages which have resulted from the last revolution in Spain, a writer in the Trenton True American, states, that before the revolution the clergy numbered 180,242, and occupied estates valued at $829,000,000, exclusive of tythes and taxes! Since the revolution the Cortes have reduced the clergy to 11,552, with an income of 5,000,000 of dollars; have suppressed the inquisition, nearly all the monasteries, and have forbidden all Spaniards from sending money out of Spain as fees to the Pope. The former immense property of the clergy is to be appropriated to pay the national debt. This modification effects a saving to the nation of 44,000, 000 dollars.

TEXAS.—Our countryman, Mr Stephen F. Austin, in an address to the "Settlers in Austin's Settlement," dated in July last, aunounces his return among them, charged by the government of Mexico, with the administration of justice, the punishment of crimes, and the preservation of good order in the settlement; and that he should immediately commence, in connexion with the Baron de Bastrop, the govermental commissioner, to designate the land for settlers and deliver titles thereof. He is also appointed commander of the militia, and has ordered every man capable of bearing arms to be enrolled, and to be in readiness for service at a moment's warning. He is limited to the settlement of 300 families on the Colorado and Brassus. All over that number must settle in the interior of the province. He proposes to establish a town and a port of entry for the introduction of articles required for the use of his settlers.

THE POPE.—The health of His Holiness continues precarious. He is in his 82d year, having been born at Cesena, in Romania, 14th Aug. 1742; was elected Pope at Venice 14th March, 1800, and crowned the 21st of that month. His thigh bone was broken in his late fall, and he is labouring under a compound fracture. He has, in his illness, issued edicts to arrange the ceremony of his obsequies; and to direct the retaining of all persons till the accession of his successor. All the Cardinals (45 in number) from among whom his successor must be chosen, were created by the present Pope, excepting two;—Cardinals SARMAGLIA and RUFFO, both of them in their 80th year.—[Later intelligence from Rome states the death of the Pope to have taken place on the 20th of August. The news of his death was received at Paris by telegraph.]

A letter from Rome, says—"According to immemorial custom, the body of the Pope will lie in state for nine days, in an illuminated chapel. The burial will take place on the 9th day, and on the 10th the sacred college will assemble in conclave. Arrangements are making for the first formalities observed at the election of a Pope. The foreign cardinals will be admitted at the conclave on the first or second day after their arrival at Rome. Cardinal Pecca Camerlingo, of the Roman Catholic religion, has taken the temporal government of the States of the Church.

THE JEWS.—A German paper contains an edict of his holiness the Pope, given at Rome the 20th of Febuary last, the principal part of which is as follows: "For the purpose of better diffusing light among the Israelitish nation, the measures taken in the time of Pope Clement VIII, to compel the Jews to assist at the Catholic sermons, and which have been discontinued only in consequence of political events to which Italy has been a prey, are re-established, dating from the first of March last." The edict ordains that 300 Jews shall assist every Saturday evening at sermons by turns. Of this number there shall be one hundred individuals from 10 to 12 years of age, and 50 girls and *women* of the same age. Every time a Jew is absent from a sermon he shall pay a fine of five paoli; no excuse whatever will be admitted. If the elders do not persuade the recusant, they shall be subject themselves to a fine of thirty scudi.—*Christians who may attempt to insult the Jews during the sermon shall be publickly whipped, or incur other punishment, as the case is more or less aggravated.*

PRUSSIAN CONSTITUTION.—On the 5th June, the King of Prussia issued a decree, announcing his pleasure for the introduction of a Representative system into his Monarchy, and the establishment of Provincial Assemblies in the spirit of the ancient German Constitution, such as the peculiar situation of the country, and the spirit of the times require.

FIRES IN MAINE.—An article in a Bath paper states that there is hardly a town within twenty or thirty miles of that place, but has suffered some injury from fires in the woods.

The Baltimore Patriot says, that the United States ship John Adams is about to undertake a wonderful performance—nothing less than a voyage from Laguira to Bogota—the latter place being about 1500 miles in the interior of the country.

IMPORTANT INVENTION.—The Claremont Spectator contains an account of a *threshing mill* invented by Messrs. Tylers and Andrews, very ingenious mechanics of that town. The machine is kept in motion by two horses, and requires a driver and four men to tend it. The labour of threshing and cleaning is performed in the most perfect manner—not a kernel of wheat could be found in the heads, after passing through the Mill. Every particle of dust and chaff is separated from the grain and blown away, and the straw is cut into pieces about four inches in length.

The mill may be used with equal success in threshing clover seed, Rice, and Coffee. By this machine they cleared four bushels of wheat in nine minutes; at the rate of nearly twenty seven bushels in an hour. Water or steam power may be applied with increased effect.

HOPS.—The growth of Hops in England is said to have nearly wholly failed this season. We understand, that the growth in this State has been heavy, and turns out well. The reputation of Massachusetts hops stands high in Europe—thanks to the fidelity with which our Inspection Laws are executed. We learn, that more than a million pounds weight are annually raised in this state, and principally in the county of Middlesex.

The Steam Boat Potomac, which has plied between Norfolk and Richmond, Virginia, was destroyed by fire on the 12th inst. The fire originated in the fire room, and in a short time burnt the boat to the water's edge.

The last Hallowell (Me.) paper contains a circular from a committee relative to the desolating fires in the towns of Wiscasset and Alna. It is an eloquent appeal to the public in behalf of the unfortunate sufferers. By it we learn that in Wiscasset 53 buildings, and 307 head of stock have been destroyed, and in Alna, 26 buildings and 130 cattle. The loss of other property is very considerable. The lowest estimate gives the entire value of the property destroyed as amounting to $73,000. Donations can be forwarded to either of the suffering towns.

HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.—The establishment now in operation in Hartford, Connecticut, for the support of the poor, and as a house of correction, fully answers the public expectations. The house is situated in the centre of about thirty acres of land, the property of the establishment. It is confidently expected that in a short time, two or three years at most, the support of the poor will be defrayed without adding a cent to the public burthens. Those towns which have similar establishments in view, would do well in some respects, to adopt a part of the system of this institution.

Extract from a letter from Montreal, dated Sept. 13.

"The steam boat Lady Sherbrook arrived on Friday from Quebec; the passengers on board reported that they had been followed to within a few miles, of this city, by a large sea monster—some supposed it to be the famous sea serpent, while others believed it a whale or grampus. However, all concurred that it was a fish of a very large kind, stating the length to be from thirty-five to eighty feet. In the evening of Friday, the monster rose along side the team ferry boat, which plies from the Cross (two miles below the city) to Long Guile, and appeared to be nearly the length of the boat. On Saturday morning, two enterprising captains, Brush and Seymour, with a crew of eight men, went down in the long boat belonging to the steam boat. About three miles below Montreal they had the satisfaction to see the fish rise and blow. They immediately pulled for his track, and soon come along side, when the harpoon fixed the dart into him. Now a scene took place which surprised those who had collected on shore. The current running with great rapidity, it is not common to see a boat propelled by stream with any swiftness; but the whale, for so we must now call him, darted with the boat up the current, at the rate of *ten or twelve miles an hour.* The whale, perhaps not wishing to approach too near the city, soon tacked about, and stood down for Long Point, remaining towing the boat until near 12 o'clock, going where he pleased, and drawing the boat much faster than those in her were accustomed to travel even by steam. Finally, the harpoon gave way, and the whale for the present made his escape. The party, however are determined to make a second trial tomorrow, when they will be better supplied with proper instruments. Hundreds were assembled on the shore to witness the attack and chase, and certainly it was a novel one to see a whale six hundred miles up from the sea board."

A violent rain and hail storm was experienced at Cherry Valley, Penn. last Thursday. Between six and seven thousand panes of glass were broken in the village, and much other damage was done to buildings, gardens and fences. The Presbyterian church (an old building) was so much injured as to render it useless as a place of worship. The hail stones were uncommonly large, and fell with such violence as to make an indented impression on fences and the sides of buildings, which is yet visible.—*Penn. paper.*

Deaths in Philadelphia last week, 115—In New-York, 81—In Boston, 24.

FIRE. A fire broke out in the fourth story of the house on Purchase-street, in the occupation of the Messrs. Harris, on Saturday evening last. The upper part of the house was burned and much of the furniture injured. The fire is supposed to have been communicated from the chimney, which, although it had been swept by a licensed sweeper, the morning of the same day, took fire about noon and burned violently.

The Charleston (S. C.) Mercury states that the law, imprisoning free blacks which arrive in that port, is now in operation. This notice is given, believing that the people of the north have been led into an error by the publication of Judge Johnson's opinion.

Capt. Partridge, with about one hundred of his cadets, was expected to visit Windsor, Vt. this week.—He has lately made an excursion to Manchester, with about 80 of his cadets, for the purpose of determining the altitude, by the barometer, of the mountain near Manchester, which is thought to be the highest of the Green Mountains.

An election for members of the legislative council of Michigan was held early in last month. The number composing the council is 18, but it appears about 150 persons have been voted for.* The territory appears to be rich in candidates for public favor, and we trust not poor in those deserving it.

* There were seven candidates for Delegate to Congress. Mr Biddle is thought to be elected.

The National Intelligencer says—"A great number of persons concerned in the proposals for carrying the Mails, some of them from the remotest parts of the country, are yet in this city. It could, if they had known it, be of no use to attend here in person, the principle being established, we understand, of giving the contracts, in all cases, to the lowest bidder, where nothing appears against the bidder's ability to perform them.

On Sunday morning last there were counted from the piazza of the Nahant Hotel *two hundred and nine* sail of vessels in sight at one time, without including sail boats. The atmosphere was rather hazy, which prevented seeing to the extremity of the horizon; if it had been perfectly clear, it is probable that the number would have reached 250 sail. The fact proves at once the active commerce which centres in this bay, and the animation which enlivens the magnificent prospect from the promontory of Nahant. *Daily Adv.*

Lord Byron, with several English officers sailed from Leghorn for Zante and the Peloponnesus July 23.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

The London Observer of Sunday, the 24th ult. says, "it continues to be confidently asserted, and believed in Paris, that an arrangement between the Duke of Angouleme and the Cortes is nearly concluded; and the French Rentes, which had been depressed from various causes, have again risen."

An energetic Proclamation from Mina to his soldiers is spoken of, in which he is reported to say, that 'he has heard of the infamous treason of Ballasteros, but that he will never surrender; and that he would sooner set fire to all the towns of Spain.'

Sir R. Wilson had escaped from Vigo to Lisbon, where he was refused permission to land.

Such is the unsettled state of Portugal, that the ruling party have threatened to call in foreign troops.

Corunna, and Algesiras, both capitulated to the French on the 14th of August.

Ballasteros carried with him 4000 troops.

The news of the capitulation of Zayas is not confirmed. The troops of Ballasteros are still quartered in the several villages assigned to them.

The Regency at Madrid, it is said, endeavoured to procure of the Duke of Angouleme a modification of his decree against their authority to impriion the Constitutionalists. But it appears that the decree was put in execution, and upwards of 600 men had been released from prison at Madrid.

The Regency is engaged, but with little success, in organizing volunteer Royalists in Spain. They want arms.

The Swedish Charge des Affaires in Spain has received orders from his Government to act in conformity with the British Ambassador in his change of residence.

MARRIED,

In Plymouth, Mr Southworth A. Howland, of Worcester, to Miss Esther Allen, of P.

In Concord, N. H. Rev. Charles Walker, of Rutland, Vt. to Miss Lucretia Ambrose.

In Hingham, Mr Thomas Lincoln, jr. of Dennysville, to Miss Elizabeth C., youngest daughter of Mr. Abner Lincoln, Esq.

In this city, on Monday evening, Mr James S. Whitney to Miss Eliza Reed, both of this city. James Bingham, Esq. merchant of Edenton, (N. C.) to Miss Eliza Picket.

In Easton, on the 18th ult. Mr Elijah Howard Jr. to Miss Nancy Johnson.

In Northboro', by the Rev. Joseph Allen, Mr Caleb Lee of Concord to Miss Lydia Howe, of Northboro'—Mr Luther Peirce to Miss Cornelia L. Patterson—Mr Charles Bruce to Miss Julia L. Whitney, all of Northboro'.

In Portsmouth, Mr Shadrach Twombly to Miss Mary Odiorne.

In Providence, William A. Shepard, Esq. to Miss Mary Ann G. Slack, of Pawtucket.

At the island of Ceylon, Jan. 21 Rev. Mr Poo Rev. American Missionary, to Miss Knight, sister of r, an Joseph Knight of Nellore, in Ceylon.

DIED,

In this city, Mr John Hutchinson, aged 40—widow Lydia Taylor, aged 47—Theodore, son of Mr Martin Leazel, aged 12 months—John, son of Mr Henry Neal, aged 19 months—Eunice Greenleaf, daughter of the late Mr John Lear, aged 19 years—James Goldsborough, son of the late Mr Hicholas Coward, aged 9—on Sunday afternoon, Mr Jacob Gragg, Jr. aged 27.

In Cambridge-port, yesterday, Frances Bowen Messinger, daughter of Henry Messinger, aged 7 years and 10 months.

In Lynn, Mrs Mary, relict of the late Mr Benjamin Phillips, aged 65.

In Salem, Mrs Sarah Henman, aged 104, the oldest person in that town.—Mr Ernestus A. Plummer, aged 45.

In Duxbury, Lucy Delano, aged 95.

In Sandwich, Mrs Emma Tobey, aged 73.

In Hanson, Miss Christiana Brewster, aged 23.

In Concord, N. H. Mrs Margaret B., wife of Mr Samuel Evans, aged 34.

In Putnam, Ohio, Capt. D. Warner, aged 88, formerly of Worcester, Mass.

In Philadelphia, after a severe attack of the dysentery, Commodore JOHN SHAW, of the United States navy, aged 50 years.

In Newinton, 22d ult. Mrs Sarah Dame, aged *one hundred years and ten months*, relict of the late Mr Issachar Dame.

In this city, on Monday last, after a short illness, Mrs Elizabeth Gray, wife of the Hon. William Gray.

Drowned in Sharon pond, on the 20th ult. Mr Wilda aged 32 and Larnard Drake aged 20.

In England, Mr R. Bowman, aged *one hundred and eighteen years.* His principal food was bread, broth, potatoes, hasty-pudding, and meat occasionally;—his drink, water, or milk and water mixed. He seldom tasted of ale, or used tobacco in any preparation.

Boston, Barre, Greenfield and Brattleboro' Accommodation Stage

LEAVES Boston every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 8 o'clock, A. M. and arrives at Barre same days—leaves Barre every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6 o'clock, A. M. and arrives at Brattleboro' same days. Returning, leaves Brattleboro' every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 3 o'clock, A. M. and arrives at Barre same days—leaves Barre every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 5 o'clock A. M. and arrives at Boston at 4 o'clock, P. M. same days.

Stage from Boston to Greenfield, $3 37 1-2; Do. from Boston to Brattleborough, $4 25.

Books kept at Boyden's City Tavern, Brattle street, Boston, where every attention and information will be given.

Towns through which it passes—Bolton, Lancaster, Sterling, Princeton, Hubbardston, Barre, Dana, Shutesbury, Sunderland, Deerfield, and Greenfield, to Brattleborough.

A. NEWELL, *Brattleborough.*
R. EARL, *Greenfield.*
ERASTUS GRAVES, *Sunderland,*
NATHAN HANCOCK, *Barre,*
ARCHIBALD BLACK, *do.*
JOSEPH CALDWELL, *do.*
ABEL LAKIN, *Princeton,*
EDMUN BLOOD, *Bolton,*
STEPHEN P. GARDNER, *do.*
SILAS HOLMAN, *do.*
AMORY HOLMAN, & Co.

PROPRIETORS.

Sept. 26. 1823.

JUST published, and for sale at this Office—THREE IMPORTANT QUESTIONS ANSWERED, relating to the *Christian Name, Character, and Hopes.* By Henry Ware, Jr. Minister of the Second Church in Boston. Third edition. August 1

JUST published, and for sale at this office, "WAR, a poem, in three parts. By Samuel Webber, M.D."

POETRY.

SISTE, VIATOR!

The following beautiful stanzas by Mr Bowring, are taken from a little volume just published by that gentleman, entitled, "Matins and Vespers," &c.

Look around thee—see Decay
On her wings of darkness, sweeping
Earth's proud monuments away—
See the Muse of history weeping
O'er the ruins Time hath made—
Strength in dust and ashes laid,
Virtue in oblivion sleeping.

Look around thee—Wisdom there
Careless death confounds with Folly
In a common sepulchre;
See the unrighteous and the holy
Blended in the general wreck;
Well those tears may wet thy cheek,
Tears of doubt and melancholy.

Look around thee—Beauty's light
Is extinguished,—Death assembles
Youth's gay morn and age's night,—
And the steadfast mountain trembles
At his glance, like autumn's leaf—
All, he cries, is vain, is brief;
And the tyrant ne'er dissembles.

Look behind thee—cities hid
In the night of treacherous story;
Many a crumbling pyramid,
Many a pile of senseless glory,
Temples, into ruin hurl'd,
(Fragments of an earlier world,)
Broken fanes, and altars hoary.

Look behind thee—men whose frown
Made whole nations quake before them—
What is left of their renown;
Wrecks around, oblivion o'er them;
Kings and conquerors, where are they?
Ask yon worthless heaps of clay—
O despise not, but deplore them!

Look behind thee—bards sublime,
Smiling nymphs, and solemn sages—
Go! inquire their names of time;
Bid it read its earliest pages.
Foolish questioner!—If fame
Guard thro' years a cherished name—
Fame itself decays in ages.

Look before thee—all the glare,
All the pomp, around thee glowing;
All that charms the eye or ear,
Strains of softest music flowing,
Grace and beauty—all are sped,
Towards the ruins of the dead:
Thither thou and thine are going.

Look before thee—at yon vault,
Where Time's ravage is recorded,
Thou wilt be compelled to halt:
Thou wilt be no more regarded
Than the meekest, meanest slave,
Sleeping in a common grave,
Unrespected—unrewarded.

Look before thee—at thy feet
Monarchs sleep like meaner creatures;
Where the voices, now so sweet;
Where the fair ones' smiling features?—
Hopest thou to escape the tomb?
That which was thy father's doom,
Will be thine, thy son's and nature's.

Look above thee—there indeed
May thy thoughts repose delighted;
If thy wounded bosom bleed,
If thy fondest hopes are blighted;
There a stream of comfort flows,
There a sun of splendour glows;
Wander, then, no more benighted.

Look above thee—ages roll,
Present, past, and future blending—
Earth has nought to soothe a soul
'Neath affliction's burden bending,
Nothing 'gainst the tempest's shock;
Heaven must be the pilgrim's rock,
And to heaven his steps are tending.

Look above thee—never eye
Saw such pleasures as await thee;
Thought ne'er reached such scenes of joy
As are there prepared to meet thee:
Light undying,—seraphs' lyres.—
Angel-welcomes,—cherub-choirs
Smiling thro' heaven's doors to greet thee.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

By James Shirley.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds—
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds.
All heads must come
To the cold tomb—
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust!

MISCELLANY.

From Lights & Shadows of Scottish Life.

LILIAS GRIEVE.

There were fear and melancholy in all the glens and valleys that lay stretching around, or down upon St Mary's Loch, for it was the time of religious persecution. Many a sweet cottage stood untenanted on the hill side and in the hollow; some had felt the fire and been consumed, and violent hands had torn off the turf roof from the green shealing of the shepherd. In the wide and deep silence and solitariness of the mountains, it seemed as if human life were nearly extinct. Caverns and clefts in which the fox had kennelled were now the shelter of Christian souls—and when a lonely figure crept stealingly from one hiding place to another, on a visit of love to some hunted brother in faith, the crows would hover over him, and the hawk shriek at human steps now rare in the desert. When the babe was born there might be none near to baptize it, or the minister, driven from his kirk, perhaps poured the sacramental water upon its face from some pool in the glen whose rocks guarded the persecuted family from the oppressor. Bridals now were unfrequent and in the solemn sadness of love. Many died before their time, of minds sunken and of broken hearts. White hair was on heads long before they were old; and the silver locks of ancient men were often ruefully soiled in the dust, and stained with their martyred blood.

But this is the dark side of the picture. For, even in their caves, were these people happy. Their children were with them, even like the wild flowers that blossomed all about the entrances of their dens. And when the voice of psalms rose up from the profound silence of the solitary place of rocks, the ear of God was open, and they knew that their prayers and praises were heard in heaven. If a child was born, it belonged to the faithful; if an old man died, it was in the religion of his forefathers. The hidden powers of their souls were brought forth into the light, and they knew the strength that was in them for these days of trial. The thoughtless became sedate—the wild were tamed—the unfeeling made compassionate—hard hearts were softened, and the wicked saw the error of their ways. All deep passion purifies and strengthens the soul, and so was it now. Now was shown and put to the proof, the stern, austere, impenetrable strength of men, that would neither bend nor break—the calm, serene determination of matrons, who, with meek eyes, and unblanched cheeks, met the scowl of the murderer—the silent beauty of maidens, who with smiles received their death—and the mysterious courage of children who, in the inspiration of innocent and spotless nature, kneeled down among the dewdrops on the green sward, and died fearlessly by their parents' sides.

In those days had old Samuel Grieve and his spouse suffered sorely for their faith. But they left not their own house, willing to die there, or to be slaughtered, whenever God should appoint. They were now childless; but a little granddaughter, about ten years old, lived with them, and she was an orphan. The thought of death was so familiar to her, that although sometimes it gave a slight quaking throb to her heart in its glee, yet it scarcely impaired the natural joyfulness of her girlhood, and often, unconsciously, after the gravest or the saddest talk with her old parents, would she glide off with a lightsome step, a blithe face, and a voice humming sweetly some cheerful tune.—The old people looked often upon her in her happiness, till their dim eyes filled with tears; while the grandmother said, "If this nest were to be destroyed at last, and our heads in the mould, who would feed this young bird in the wild, and where would she find shelter in which to fauld her bonnie wings?"

Lilias Grieve was the shepherdess of a small flock, among the green pasturage at the head of St Mary's Loch, and up the hillside, and over into some of the little neighbouring glens. Sometimes she sat in that beautiful churchyard, with her sheep lying scattered around her upon the quiet graves, where on still sunny days, she could see their shadows in the water of the Loch, and herself sitting close to the low walls of the house of God. She had no one to speak to, but her Bible to read; and day after day the rising sun beheld her in growing beauty, and innocence that could not fade, happy and silent as a fairy upon the knowe, with the blue heavens over her head, and the blue lake smiling at her feet.

"My Fairy," was the name she bore by the cottage fire, where the old people were gladdened by her glee, and turned away from all melancholy thoughts. And it was a name that suited sweet Lilias well; for she was clothed in a garb of green, and often, in her joy, the green graceful plants that grow among the hills were wreathed round her hair. So was she drest one Sabbath-day, watching her flock at a considerable distance from home, and singing to herself a psalm in the solitary moor—when in a moment a party of soldiers were upon a mount on the opposite side of a narrow dell.—Lilias was invisible as a green linnet upon the grass, but her sweet voice had betrayed her, and then one of the soldiers caught the wild gleam of her eyes, and as she sprung frightened to her feet, he called out "A roe—a roe—see how she bounds along the bent," and the ruffian took aim at the child with his musket, half in sport, half in ferocity. Lilias kept appearing and disappearing, while she flew as on wings across a piece of black heathy moss full of pits and hollows—and still the soldier kept his musket at its aim. His comrades called to him to hold his hand, and not shoot a poor little innocent child, but he at length fired, and the bullet was heard to whiz past her fern-crowned head, and to strike a bank which she was about to ascend. The child paused for a moment, and looked back, and then bounded away over the smooth turf; till, like a cushat, she dropt into a little birchen glen, and disappeared. Not a sound of her feet was heard—she seemed to have sunk into the ground—and the soldier stood, without any effort to follow her, gazing through the smoke towards the spot where she had vanished.

A sudden superstition assailed the hearts of the party, as they sat down together upon a ledge of stone. "Saw you her face, Riddle, as my ball went whizzing past her ear—she was certainly one of those hill fairies, else she had been dead as a herring—but I believe the bullet glanced off her yellow hair as against a buckler." "By St George, it was the act of a gallows-rogue to fire upon the creature, fairy or not fairy, and you deserve the weight of this hand, the hand of an Englishman, you brute—for your cruelty"—and up rose the speaker to put his threat in execution, when the other retreated some distance, and began to load his musket—but the Englishman ran upon him, and with a Cumberland gripe and trip, laid him upon the hard ground with a force that drove the breath out of his body, and left him stunned and almost insensible. "That serves him right, Allan Sleigh; as to fairies, why, look ye, 'tis a likely place enough for such creatures—if this be one, it is the first I ever saw."

After an hour's quarrelling, and gibing, and mutiny, this disorderly band of soldiers proceeded on their way down into the head of Yarrow, and there saw in the solitude the house of Samuel Grieve. Thither they proceeded to get some refreshment, and ripe for any outrage that any occasion might suggest. The old man and his wife hearing a tumult of many voices and many feet, came out, and were immediately saluted with many opprobrious epithets. The hut was soon rifled of any small articles of wearing apparel, and Samuel, without any emotion, set before them whatever provisions he had—butter, cheese, bread, and milk—and hoped they would not be too hard upon old people, who were desirous of dying, as they had lived, in peace. Thankful were they both in their parental hearts that their little Lilias was among the hills; and the old man trusted, that if she returned before the soldiers were gone, she would see from some distance their muskets on the green before the door, and hide herself among the brakens.

The soldiers devoured their repast with many oaths, and much hideous and obscene language, which it was sore against the old man's soul to hear in his own hut; but he said nothing, for that would have been wilfully to sacrifice his life. At last one of the party ordered him to return thanks in words impious and full of blasphemy, which Samuel camly refused to do, beseaching them, at the same time, for the sake of their own souls, not so to offend their great and bountiful Preserver. "Confound the old canting Covenanter, I will prick him with my bayonet, if he won't say grace; and the blood trickled down the old man's cheek from a slight wound on his forehead. The sight of it seemed to awaken the dormant blood-thirstiness in the tiger heart of the soldier, who swore if the old man did not instantly repeat the words after him he would shoot him dead. And, as if cruelty were contagious, almost the whole party agreed that the demand was but reasonable, and that the old hypocritical knave must preach or perish.

Samuel Grieve was nearly fourscore; but his sinews were not yet relaxed, and in his younger days he had been a man of great strength.—When, therefore, the soldier grasped him by the neck, the sense of receiving an indignity from such a slave made his blood boil, and, as if his youth had been renewed, the grey-headed man, with one blow, felled the ruffian to the floor.

That blow sealed his doom. There was a fierce tumult and yelling of wrathful voices, and Samuel Grieve was led out to die. He had witnessed such butchery of others, and felt that the hour of his martyrdom was come. "As the blessed Jesus reproved Simon Peter in the garden, when he smote the High Priest's servant, and said, 'The cup which my father hath given me, shall I not drink of it?' So now, O God, do thou pardon me, thy frail and erring servant, and enable me to drink this cup!" With these words the old man knelt down unbidden; and after one solemn look to heaven, closed his eyes, and folded his hands across his breast.

His wife now came forward, and knelt down beside the old man. "Let us die together, Samuel; but O! what will become of our dear Lilias?" "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," said her husband, opening not his eyes, but taking her hand into his, "Sarah, be not afraid." "O! Samuel, I remember, at this moment, these words of Jesus, which you this morning read: 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!'"—"We are all sinners together," said Samuel, with a loud voice—"we two old gray-headed people on our knees, and about to die, both forgive you, as we hope ourselves to be forgiven. We are ready—be merciful, and do not mangle us. Sarah, be not afraid."

It seemed that an angel was sent down from heaven to save the lives of those two old gray-headed folk. With hair floating in sunny light, and seemingly wreathed with flowers of heavenly azure, with eyes beaming lustre, and yet streaming tears, with white arms extended in their beauty, and motion gentle and gliding as the sunshine when a cloud is rolled away, came on over the meadow before the hut the same green-robed creature that had startled the soldiers with her singing in the moor, and crying loudly, but still sweetly, "God sent me hither to save their lives." She fell down beside them as they knelt together; and then, lifting up her head from the turf, fixed her beautiful face, instinct with fear, love, hope, and the spirit of prayer, upon the eyes of the men about to shed that innocent blood.

They all stood heart-stricken; and the executioners flung down their muskets upon the green-sward. "God bless you, kind, good soldiers, for this," exclaimed the child, now weeping and sobbing with joy, "Ay, ay, you will be all happy o-night, when you lie down to sleep. If you have any little daughters or sisters like me, God will love them for your mercy to us, and nothing, till you return home, will hurt a hair of their heads. O! I see now that soldiers are not so cruel as we say!" "Lilias, your grandfather speaks unto you; his last words are, leave us, leave us, for they are going to put us to death. Soldiers, kill not this little child, or the waters of the Loch will rise up and drown the sons of perdition. Lilias, give us each a kiss—and then go into the house."

The soldiers conversed together for a few minutes, and seemed now like men themselves condemned to die. Shame and remorse for their coward cruelty smote them to the core—and they bade them that were still kneeling, to rise up and go their ways,—then, forming themselves into a regular order, one gave the word of command, and, marching off, they soon disappeared. The old man, his wife, and little Lilias, continued for some time on their knees in prayer, and then all three went into their hut—the child between them,—and a withered hand of each laid upon its beautiful and its fearless head.

OUR COUNTRY.

The Scotsman, in an article headed "Lessons of Economy afforded by America," which contrasts the expenses of the British and United States governments, thus speaks of our country:

A single successful experiment has a greater influence on the judgment of mankind, than a thousand general speculations. The inhabitants of the United States, by setting up a government on the plan of a Benefit Society, have educed political science to its elements, and given the weight and force of practical axioms to truths which had long remained buried in the breasts of philosophers. When men had the bible put into their hands in their own tongue, at the Reformation, and, through the lights which this afforded them, looked at what then bore the name of the Christian Church, they found genuine religion crushed and destroyed, under the weight of the machinery ostensibly erected for its preservation. Perhaps, many good men at that time believed, that tithes, annats, dispensations, relics, fasts, and a luxurious hierarchy, living in idleness and dissipation, were essential to the existence of Christianity. But the Reformers showed that religion not only could exist, but flourished the more, when separated from the base auxiliaries, and by this bold experiment opened the eyes of mankind, and shamed even the mother church out of many of her corruptions. The American Revolution has rendered the same service to men in their civil capacity, that the Reformation did in their religions. When we look to the European governments through the lights the American system affords, we see that in the former the true object has been frustrated by the cumbrous and costly apparatus erected to give it effect. The severe and majestic simplicity of the latter, shows how little is essential to the proper purposes of government—how much worse governments are for being complex and expensive, and how many frauds have been practiced on mankind under pretext of governing them.—Generally speaking, it has been the fate of human beings to be pillaged by those who pretend to protect them in the enjoyment of their property—oppressed by the nominal guardians of their civil rights, and insulted by those who were called the Representatives. To all these evils, America has opened the eyes of nations, by holding up a model from which they are excluded. Whether we measure the value of that government by the burdens it imposes, or the protection it gives, it leaves most others at an immeasurable distance behind; and yet its virtue as we have often stated, consists not in its republican form, in the absence of a King and aristocracy, but solely in its possessing a system of representation which is a faithful index of the opinions and interests of the people."

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS

No maxim is more true than this—"that no liberty can survive the liberty of the press."—In breathes a soul into the body of a people;—it forms their manners, and by teaching them their duties and their rights, and inspiring them with sentiments of virtue and courage, by which both are to be enforced, introduces the empire of reason to the universe; it is the vestal fire upon the preservation of which the fate of nations depends; and the most pure hands officiating for the whole community, should be incessantly employed in keeping it alive.

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